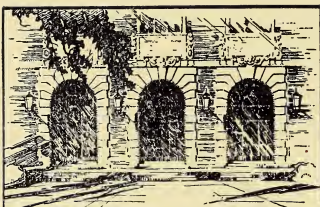


812
D897aw



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

812

D897aw

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

JUL 29 1978

AUG 8 1978

JUN 24 2001



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

Dumont, Frank

Contents

An awful plot
Election day
Helen's funny babies
Making a hit
The noble savage
The painter's apprentice
The polar bear
The rival barber shops
The serenade party
The two awfuls
Vinegar bitters
Whose baby is it?
The wonderful telephone

Price 25 Cent

FIVE CENTS
THE
DARKEY & COMIC
DRAMA

An Awful Plot



Chicago.

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS

By W. D. EMERSON.

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

Here is a **practical** hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

CONTENTS.

Chapter I. **Introductory Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Stage, How to Make, etc.** in drawing-rooms or parlors, with sliding or hinged doors. In a single large room. The Curtain; how to attach it, and raise it, etc.

Chapter III. **Arrangement of Scenery.** How to hang it. Drapery, tormentors, wings, borders, drops.

Chapter IV. **Box Scenes.** Center door pieces, plain wings door wings, return pieces, etc.

Chapter V. **How to Light the Stage.** Oil, gas and electric lights. Footlights, Sidelights, Reflectors. How to darken the stage, etc.

Chapter VI. **Stage Effects.** Wind, Rain, Thunder, Breaking Glass, Falling Buildings, Snow, Water, Waves, Cascades, Passing Trains, Lightning, Chimes, Sound of Horses' Hoofs, Shots.

Chapter VII. **Scene Painting.**

Chapter VIII. **A Word to the Property Man.**

Chapter IX. **To the Stage Manager.**

Chapter X. **The Business Manager.**

Address Orders to

**THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CHICAGO.**

AN AWFUL PLOT

A COMIC ETHIOPIAN FARCE, IN ONE SCENE.

By FRANK DUMONT,

Author of "Helen's Funny Babies," "The Midnight Intruder," "Making a Hit,"
"One Night in a Medical College," "Who's the Actor," "The Painter's
Apprentice," "Unlimited Cheek," "The Polar Bear,"
"The Noble Savage," etc., etc.

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED BY DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS
AT THE TOWN HALL, GLOUCESTER, MASS., SEPT. 12, 1874.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.



CHICAGO:

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY A. T. B. DE WITT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.


*Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels,
Gloucester, Mass., September 12, 1874.*

MR. THEODORE BLIFF.....	J. T. GULICK.
STEVE (Household servant).....	GEO. H. EDWARDS.
VESUVIUS BERRY.....	FRANK DUMONT.
LIZA.....	LEW BENEDICT.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWENTY MINUTES.

SCENERY.

Plain chamber or kitchen with door and window in flat.

4 E. R. Window.	[Door.]	4 E. L.
3 E. R.			3 E. L.
2 E. R.	† Broom. ○ Pail.	Furnace.	2 E. L.
1 E. R.			1 E. L.

COSTUMES.

MR. THEODORE BLIFF.—Morning gown, slippers, white vest, black pants, grey wig.

VESUVIUS BERRY.—Genteel dress.

STEVE.—Rough darkey dress.

LIZA.—Calico dress, apron, bandanna handkerchief tied about head.

PROPERTIES.

1 table, 2 chairs, a broom, 1 rolling pin, some dough and several rolls or biscuits, a tin pail, small furnace for Liza to heat the iron, tray with dishes and bread, rolls, etc, a bottle and glass, a letter in entrance, for servants, money for Berry, dummy the counterpart of Bliff, a large horse pistol with a tin funnel, painted black, to fit over the muzzle or barrel of pistol, a black rubber ball (large) to be inserted half way into the mouth of the funnel. A light charge of powder in the pistol will send the rubber ball out with sufficient force for the purpose for which it is used.

AN AWFUL PLOT.

SCENE.—*Plain chamber or kitchen with door and window in flat, set table, two chairs, old shirt, and biscuit and dough on table; a tin pail near table, and a small furnace on L.*

STEVE and LIZA JANE heard quarreling on L., and they enter L. 1
E. STEVE with broom and rolling pin, LIZA JANE with a smoothing iron. STEVE has cork rubbed out from under eye.

STEVE (*crying*). You hit me again and I declare I'll sweep you off de face of the earth.

LIZA. Don't fool your time wid me or I'll scald you wid dis iron.

STEVE. I'm going to tell the boss that you give me a black eye.

LIZA. I'll tell de boss dat you hit me wid de rolling pin. I ain't gwine to stand no more fooling.

STEVE. I'm going to tell the boss what you done.

LIZA. What did I do?

STEVE. You went and ate up up all de mucilage that he paste his papers with—now! I'll tell.

LIZA. I'll tell him you ate up all de chicken feed. Here comes de boss—now you'll get it!

They both go to table. STEVE commences to pound and roll the dough, and LIZA to iron the shirt, while THEODORE BLIFF is heard calling, "LIZA"—"STEVE." He enters L. 1 E.

BLIFF. There you are, you lazy-villains; where have you been? (*they take no notice of him*) Do you hear me calling you? Steve! Liza! will you stop that infernal racket? (*approaches table*) Stop! stop!

STEVE. Go 'way, we're busy working.

BLIFF. Will you stop that noise and listen to me! (*places his hand upon the table, LIZA burns it with the iron, BLIFF starts back rubbing the injured hand*) Oh! you good-for-nothing wench! I'll fix you for this.

STEVE. Burn him again—scorch him, Liza.

LIZA (*pounding on table*). Go 'way, man, don't bodder; I'll never get your shirt ironed if you bodder me while I'm working.

BLIFF. Will you listen to me a few moments? Steve! that's a good boy; now keep quiet a few moments. (*lays hand on table*) Listen to me, Steve. (*STEVE strikes BLIFF's hand with rolling pin, BLIFF darts away holding up hand and yelling with pain.*)

Gen Res. Newitt 10 Mar 56

LIZA. Smash him, Steve; murder him; I'm wid you! (*they both come toward BLIFF threatening.*)

BLIFF. Hold up! stop! Both of you listen to me just one moment.

STEVE. Hurry up, then. We'll show you who runs this house!

LIZA. We'll put him out if he gives us any more of his sass.

BLIFF. You know this is 'lection day, and I've been nominated for mayor. If I'm 'lected I'll pay you all the wages I owe you.

STEVE. And if you ain't 'lected we don't get anything, do we?

BLIFF. Yes—yes—I'll pay you anyhow.

LIZA. You'd better, or we'll worry you to death.

BLIFF. I expect a delegation to call upon me to inform me of the result of the election. If they call, go to the door, and by all means treat them civilly; show them in politely, and don't be rude. (*knock at door heard*) There; go and see who it is. (*STEVE and LIZA run to door and return.*)

STEVE. We've been to the door.

BLIFF. Who is it?

BOTH. A man.

BLIFF. What does he want?

BOTH. We didn't ask him.

BLIFF. See what he wants, you idiots. (*STEVE and LIZA rush pell-mell to the door and return*) Well, what does he want?

BOTH. He wants to come in.

BLIFF. Show him in! Haven't you sense enough to ask him in?

Bus. STEVE and LIZA rush to the door, and return bowing in VESUVIUS BERRY. As he enters, LIZA JANE knocks off his hat and kicks it around the stage, while STEVE is shaking hands with BERRY, who is mistaking him for BLIFF. BLIFF comes forward and takes STEVE by the ear and pushes him aside. BERRY sees his mistake, and shakes hands with BLIFF. LIZA is ironing BERRY's hat on the table.

BERRY. I beg pardon, sir; I mistook your servant for you; how, ever, I'm delighted to meet you, sir. (*STEVE approaches with broom and sweeps BERRY's coat, vest and pants, pretending to remove dust, and holding out one hand for money. He drives BERRY into R. corner, BERRY searching in pockets for money. STEVE stops brushing him and BERRY ceases looking for money. STEVE commences brushing again, pushing him back with broom not to let him escape without giving him some money, and pinning BERRY against the wing until he does find money and gives it to STEVE. Bus. ad lib. BLIFF tries in vain to call STEVE away. STEVE holds up money and laughs; shows it to LIZA, who grabs the shirt and comes down to BERRY, who is now shaking hands with BLIFF. LIZA commences to dust BERRY's clothes with the shirt, striking right and left and holding out her hand, and BERRY dodging the blows.*)

BERRY (*with cane*). What do you want?

LIZA. Money! money!

BERRY (*raising cane*). I'll give you a good caning. (*LIZA returns to table.*)

STEVE (*laughs at LIZA*). Ah! you didn't get any money! you didn't get any money! (*LIZA burns his hand with the hot iron.*)

BLIFF (*to BERRY*). Now, sir, I can take you by the hand (*bus.*) I dare say you have called upon me on some important business.

BERRY. Yes; 'lection is over; I have news for you; first we must be seated.

BLIFF. Steve, get a chair for Mr Berry.

STEVE. Yes, sir. (*places a chair on L. down front.* LIZA comes behind chair and places the iron upon the chair. BERRY sits down upon it and starts up, looking at coat tails. LIZA removes the hot iron and hides it under her apron, while with the other hand she motions to the chair.)

LIZA. Why don't you sit down, Mr. Raspberry?

BLIFF. Sit down, sir.

BERRY. That chair felt rather warm. (*as he is about to sit down, LIZA pulls the chair back, and BERRY falls heavily to the floor. LIZA returns quietly to the table and begins ironing the shirt. BERRY arises.*)

BLIFF (*to BERRY*). Confound these servants, they are so stupid! I beg you will pay no attention to their blunders.

BERRY (*sits upon chair*). No, sir—not at all. Now, sir, get a chair for yourself.

BLIFF. Steve, bring me a chair.

STEVE. Yes, sir. (*gets a chair.*)

LIZA. Steve, get a chair for de boss. (*STEVE places chair next to BERRY, and as BLIFF is about to sit down he withdraws the chair and BLIFF falls; he rises angrily and turns to STEVE, who is innocently brushing the chair with the broom.*)

STEVE. The chair was dusty, boss.

BLIFF. Go to your work. I'll fix you when Mr. Berry has gone away. (*STEVE returns to table and begins to roll and pound the biscuit.*)

BERRY. Now, sir, listen to me. I've got good news for you.

Bus. LIZA comes behind him after taking the iron from the furnace and she rubs it upon BERRY'S head to scorch his hair. BERRY leaps to his feet and LIZA runs back to table. STEVE comes down front to R., and with broom he strikes a biscuit that is hurled over toward BERRY and is supposed to strike him in the eye. BERRY, by a quick movement, "takes slap" with hands and quickly takes flour from vest pocket and rubs some under his eye, then turns to audience. BLIFF goes to him and holds him up.

BLIFF. My dear sir, what is the matter?

BERRY (*gasping*). My eye is knocked out.

STEVE (*bus.*). Let me knock it in again.

BLIFF. Oh! you villain, do you want to murder my visitors? Sit down, Mr. Berry; I'll fix him for this; proceed with your story, please.

BERRY. 'Lecture is over, sir; no trouble at the polls. Everything passed off quietly—(*STEVE and LIZA pound on the table and drown the dialogue between BLIFF and BERRY. BLIFF rises and goes to table.*)

BLIFF. Stop!—Stop your noise!

LIZA (*points to STEVE*). 'Twas him done it.

STEVE. No, boss, it was her.

BLIFF. Both of you stop. (*turns to return to BERRY, STEVE and LIZA begin noise again; BLIFF turns*) Did you hear me? Stop that confounded noise!

STEVE. Yes, sir (*the moment BLIFF turns his back they pound upon table, bus. ad lib. until BLIFF resumes his seat. STEVE points rolling pin at BERRY; he starts up in terror.*)

BLIFF. What's the matter, Mr. Berry?

BERRY. That young man pointed a Roman candle at me.

BLIFF (*turns to STEVE*). You are mistaken, the boy is at work. (*as BLIFF turns away STEVE points rolling-pin again at BERRY, who becomes nervous and starts back. When BLIFF glances at STEVE he is apparently at work. During this business STEVE runs the rolling-pin through vest sleeves and under corner of table to frighten BERRY, and takes a match from vest pocket and strikes it, to convey the idea he is lighting a fuse on a cannon; it so startles BERRY that BLIFF has to beg him to resume his seat.*)

BLIFF. Sit down, sir. You are so nervous that you imagine these things.

LIZA. Shoot him—shoot him. (*STEVE to escape BLIFF's observation is about to pound on the table, when he misses the stroke and lets the rolling-pin fall upon his toes.*)

LIZA (*laughs*). Oh! You bruised your toe! (*heats iron at furnace.*)

BERRY. Now they'll allow us to proceed! I'm glad that boy has hurt himself, it will keep him quiet.

STEVE. I'll blow your head off. (*points rolling-pin at BERRY.*)

BERRY. Never mind, sir; I'll cut my story short. (*rises*) Give me your hand, sir, allow me to congratulate you. You've been 'lected Mayor of this town. (*shakes hands with BLIFF*) That's the result of the 'lection.

STEVE (*dancing*). Oh! we're 'lected, we're 'lected.

LIZA. We're 'lected! we're 'lected!

BERRY (*to BLIFF*). Remember sir, that I withdrew as your political opponent, and gave you the field.

BLIFF. You shall be rewarded. (*STEVE comes forward and shakes hands with BLIFF. LIZA comes down to BERRY, and as she reaches out to shake hands with her, she burns his hand with hot iron. She crosses over and shakes hands with BLIFF, and burns his hand also. STEVE crosses over to BERRY and shakes hands with him, the entire party rejoicing over the election of BLIFF. STEVE turns and meets LIZA, who is coming towards him.*)

STEVE. Oh! we're 'lected, Liza! (*reaches out to shake hands with her. She burns his hand with iron—and he attempts to kick her, they run back to table*)

BERRY. Bliff! the citizens are so 'lated over your 'lection that they have prepared a grand dinner for you—it is at the door and awaits your orders to be brought in. (*STEVE and LIZA rush towards the door.*)

BLIFF. Stop! where are you going?

STEVE (*rubbing stomach*). After that dinner!

BERRY. Allow them to bring it in.

BLIFF. I'll go with them. I can't trust them to do anything. Excuse me for a moment.

[*STEVE and LIZA exit, followed by BLIFF, L. 1 E.*]

BERRY. I've placed a harmless drug in that dinner. If Bliff eats any of it there will be fun in this house before morning. I'll get even for the trick he played upon me this 'lection.

BLIFF (*outside*). Come along, be careful of the dinner. (*he enters and is followed by STEVE, bearing a tray, on which are plates, bread, cups, etc. STEVE trips and falls over, scattering tray and dishes upon the floor. LIZA enters with glass and bottle and leans against wing, drinking.*)

BERRY. What a shame! that dinner is ruined! See that wench drinking your wine.

BLIFF. Liza ! Put that bottle upon the table—and you, Steve, you blockhead, gather up those dishes and place them on the tray. That dinner is ruined ! (STEVE gathers up fragments of dinner. LIZA places bottle on table, taking sly drinks at intervals.)

BERRY. Is that all you say to them ? I expected to see you take those nuisances and throw them out of the window.

BLIEF. 'Sh, sir ! I owe them so much wages that I can't discharge them. Now look at them, (STEVE is seated upon chair, feet upon table one upon the other and drinking from bottle, while LIZA is pelt-ing his feet with biscuits) isn't that a picture ?

BERRY. Lend me your assistance, sir, and we'll chastise them. (they go forward, BERRY takes LIZA by the ear and pulls her from the table. BLIFF does the same to STEVE.)

BERRY. That's the way to treat them. (LIZA comes behind him and kicks him, and runs back to table. STEVE takes the bottle down front and begins to drink. BLIFF misses the bottle and comes to him.)

BLIFF. Steve ! drop that ! do you hear me ? (STEVE puts bottle in his pocket, it falls through and down pants leg to the floor. BLIFF picks it up, and hands it to STEVE) Now, sir ; put that where it belongs.

STEVE. Here's where it belongs. (drinks.)

BLIFF (angry). Place it upon the table !

STEVE (astonished). Oh ! I see. (goes to table.)

BLIFF (to BERRY). Now, sir ; let us see what remains of this dinner ? (Bus. They go to table and seat themselves. Knock at door.)

STEVE. Another man at door ! (LIZA and STEVE run to door. STEVE takes broom and biscuit with him.)

BERRY. Now, sir, drink some wine or try some of the dinner.

BLIFF. I will drink some of the wine, but I don't feel hungry. (STEVE and LIZA enter with a letter which they open and commence reading. BLIFF comes down between them and snatches the letter from them.)

LIZA. We opened it.

BLIFF. How dare you open a letter of mine ?

STEVE. We thought there was money in it.

BLIFF. And if there had been ?

STEVE. You wouldn't have got the letter !

BLIFF. Allow my letters to remain unopened after this. (glances at letter) Ah ! what's this—what an awful plot ! I can scarcely believe it.

Bus.—STEVE, who has crossed over to R. 1 E., strikes at a biscuit with the broom and knocks it over towards BERRY, who is seated near the table, the biscuit is supposed to strike him. he falls off the chair and arises holding his nose and glancing around to discover who threw the biscuit.

BERRY. Oh ! my nose is smashed ! Oh ! Get me some sticking plaster.

LIZA. Here's some. (chews some bread into a pulp and fastens a big lump upon BERRY's nose) Now you'll feel better. (BERRY returns to table and sits upon chair. LIZA strikes his head with pieces of bread and points upwards) It fell from de ceiling, Boss !

BLIFF (folding up letter). Is it possible that he is the author of this awful plot ? I'll watch him. (to STEVE and LIZA) Put that dinner out of the way. (BLIFF comes toward table as BERRY arises and comes front.)

BERRY. Why don't you finish your dinner?

BLIFF. I'll finish it after a while. I'm not hungry at present.

BERRY. While you are doing so I'll go down town and get the evening papers for you. I'll return in a short time. I'll take my hat.

BLIFF. Steve! Get Mr. Berry's hat. (STEVE comes forward with tin pail, in which he has crushed BERRY's hat and then thrown in all the broken crockery and debris of the dinner.)

BLIFF. I said, get Mr. Berry's hat?

STEVE (turning away). It's in there with the slops!

LIZA (picks out hat from pail). Oh! Mr. Berry's hat is all full of slops! (BERRY snatches his hat.)

BERRY (to BLIFF). I look to you, sir, for a new hat!

BLIFF. You shall have one.

BERRY. Should you be taken suddenly ill while I'm away, send for me at once. You don't seem very well, and you may have a spell of sickness.

BLIFF (winking aside). I'll send for you if I'm taken ill. Here, Steve, show Mr. Berry the door. (STEVE leads BERRY to door and kicks him out) Now what did you do with the dinner?

BOTH (laughing). We eat it all up!

BLIFF. Miserable wretches! That letter was a warning that the dinner was drugged—and you are both poisoned!

STEVE (groaning). You told us to eat it. (STEVE and LIZA rush at BLIFF, and amid their shouts of "we're poisoned," etc., they struggle to wing, and STEVE gets the dummy and hurls it upon the floor LIZA jumping upon it at every chance. STEVE carries the dummy to the window and throws it out; loud crash of glass. In the meantime LIZA rushes back to entrance and re-enters with large horse-pistol, to the barrel of which a tin funnel painted black is attached in the mouth of the funnel (half inserted) is a large, black rubber foot-ball. After STEVE has thrown out the dummy he leans out of the window gazing after it. LIZA aims the pistol at him and fires, the ball strikes STEVE's back and knocks him out of the window. Crash.


(Closed in—or Curtain.)

N. B.—The business with the dummy and the pistol to be worked rapidly and with great confusion until the climax.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the Audience.